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ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

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WHOLE NO. 76.

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GERRIT SMITH'S REPLY TO ED- MUND QUINCY.

PETERBORO, Nov. 23, 1846.

Edmund Quincy, Esq., of Mass.

DEAR SIR—I have this evening read your
letter to me in the last Liberator. I am so
busy in making preparations to leave home
for a month or two, that my reply must be
brief. A reply I must make—for you might
construe my silence into discourtesy and un-
friendliness.

From your remark, that you have not seen
my "recent writings or speeches," I infer that
you do not deign to cast a look upon the
newspapers of the Liberty party. Your proud
and disdainful state of mind toward this party
accounts for some of the mistakes in your let-
ter. For instance, were you a reader of its
newspapers, you would not charge me with
"irreverently" using the term "Third party."
You evidently suppose that I identify the
Federal Constitution and the Liberty party
with the politics of the Bible. But, in my
discourses on "Bible politics," which, to no
small extent, are made up directly from the
pages of the Bible, I seek but to show what
are the Heaven-intended uses of civil govern-
ment, and what the necessary qualifications
of those who administer it. So far are these
discourses from commending the Constitution,
or the Liberty party, that they are not so
much as allude, either to the one or the other.

Again, were you a reader of the newspapers
of this party, you would know its name.—
You would, in that case, know that "Liberty
party" is the name which, from the first,
it has chosen for itself; and that "Third party"
is only a nickname, which low-minded
persons have given to it. You well know
that there are low-minded persons, who see
nothing in the good man, who is the ob-
ject of their hatred, for that hatred to seize
him, will try to harm him by nicknaming
him. It is such as these whose malice toward
the Liberty party has, for want of argument
against that truth-exposing and self-sacrificing
party, vented itself in a nickname. Be
assured, my dear sir, that I have no hard
feelings toward you for misnaming my party.—
You are a gentleman; and your error is, there-
fore, purely unintentional. Upon your innocent
ignorance—too easy and credulous, in this
instance, I admit—the base creatures
who coined this nickname have palmed it, as
the real name of the Liberty party. You are
a gentleman; and hence, as certainly, your
good breeding accords to every party, how-
ever little and despised, the privilege of nam-
ing itself, so certainly, when you are awake
to this deception, which has been practised
upon your credulity, you will be deeply in-
dignant at it. I see, from his late speech in
Faneuil Hall, that even Mr. Webster has
fallen into the mistake of taking "Third party"
to be the name of the Liberty party. The
columns of the Liberator have most probably
led him into it. Being set right on this point
yourself, you will, of course, take pleasure
in setting him right. He will thank you for
doing so, for when he comes to know that
"Third party" is but a nickname and the in-
vention of blackguards, he will shrink from
the vulgarity and meanness of repeating it.

Again, were you a reader of the newspapers
of the Liberty party, you would not feel your-
self authorized to take it for granted that to
hold an office under the Constitution is to be
guilty of swearing to uphold slavery. On
the contrary, you would be convinced that
nine-tenths of the Abolitionists of the coun-
try—nine-tenths, too, of the wisest and
worthiest of them—believe that an oath to abide
by the Constitution, is an oath to labor for
the overthrow of slavery. Were you a reader
of the newspapers of the Liberty party, you
would know that this position of these nine-
tenths of the Abolitionists of the country is
fortified by arguments of William Goodell
and Lyander Spooner, which there has been
no attempt to answer, and that too for the
most probable reason that they are unanswer-
able. I am not sure that you have ever heard
of these gentlemen. There are, perhaps, un-
mentioned names in the line of your reading
and associations. Nevertheless, I strongly
desire that you may read their arguments.—
Your reading of them will, I hope, moderate
the superlatively arrogant and dogmatic style,
in which you, in common with the Abolition-
ists of your particular school, talk and write
on this subject. If this or aught else, shall
have the effect to relax that extreme turkey-
cock tension of pride, with which you and your
fellows strut up and down the arena of this
controversy, the friends of modesty and good
manners will have occasion to rejoice.

I have not taken up my pen to write an-
other argument on the Constitution. Two
or three years ago, I presumed to write one;
and the way in which it was treated, is a cau-
tion to me not to repeat the presumption. I
shall not soon forget the fury with which Mr.
Wendell Phillips, when you so highly praised
in the letter before me, pounced upon it.—
Nothing short of declaring me to be a thief
and a liar could relieve his swollen spirit, or
give adequate vent to his flaming wrath. He
would probably have come to me ashamed of
himself, had not his review of me been en-
dorsed by Mr. Garrison, and also by one,
who it is said, is even greater than Mr. Gar-
rison—"the power behind the throne."

I do not doubt, my dear sir, that you and
your associates have sincerely adopted your
conclusions respecting the Constitution.—
That you should be thoroughly convinced by
your own arguments is a natural and almost
necessary consequence of self-complacency,
which uniformly characterizes persons who
regard themselves as *ne plus ultra* reformers.
I wish you could find it in your hearts to re-
ciprocate our liberality in acknowledging your
sincerity, and to admit that we, who differ
from you, are also sincere. No longer, then,
would you suppose us, as you do in your pre-
sent letter, to be guilty of " Jesuitical eva-
sions," or to be capable of being, to use your
own capitals, "PRURDLE LIARS." No
longer then would you and the gentlemen of
your school, speak of us as a pack of office-
seekers, hypocrites and scoundrels. But you

would then treat us—your equal brethren, as
honestly and ardently desirous as yourselves,
to advance the dear cause to which you are
devoted—with decency and kindness, instead
of contempt and brutality. I honor you and
your associates as true-hearted friends of the
slave; and nor man, nor devil, shall ever ex-
hort from my lips or pen a word of injustice
against any of you. I honor you also for the
sincerity of your beliefs, that they who dis-
sent from your expositions of the Constitution
are in the wrong. But I am deeply grieved
at your superciliousness and intolerance toward
those whose desire to know and do their duty,
is no less strong nor pure than your own.

Far am I from intimating that the blame of
the internal dissensions of the Abolitionists
belong wholly to yourselves. No very small
share of it should be appropriated by such of
them as have indulged a bad spirit in speak-
ing unkindly and unkindly of yourselves. All
classes of Abolitionists have need to humbly
themselves before God for having retarded
the cause of the slave by these guilty dis-
sensions.

I would that I could inspire you with some
distrust of your infallibility. I should, there-
by, be rendering good service to yourself and
to the cause of truth. Will you bear to have
me point out some of the blunders in the let-
ter to which I am now replying? And when
you shall have seen them, will you suffer
your wonder to abate, that the great body of
Abolitionists do not more promptly and im-
plicitly bow to the *ipse dixit* of yourself and
your fellow infallibles? Casting myself on
your indulgence, and at the risk of ruffling
your self-complacency, I proceed to point out
to you some of these blunders.

Blunder No. 1. You charge me with hold-
ing that the clause of the Constitution relat-
ing to the slave-trade, provides for its aboli-
tion. What I do hold to, however, is, that
the part of the Constitution which entrusts
Congress with the power to regulate com-
merce, provides for the abolition of this trade.
That Congress would use the power to abol-
ish this trade was deemed certain by the
whole Convention which framed the Constitu-
tion. Hence a portion of its members
would not consent to grant this power, unless
modified by the clause concerning the slave-
trade, and unless too, this clause were made
irrevocable. When the life-time of this mod-
ification had expired, Congress, doing just
what the anti-slavery spirit of the Constitu-
tion and the universal expectation of the na-
tion demanded, prohibited our participation
in the African slave-trade. I readily admit
that the clause in question is, considered by
itself, pro-slavery. But it is to be viewed as
a part of the anti-slavery bargain for suppress-
ing the African slave-trade, and as a part,
without which, the anti-slavery bargain could
not have been made. Did I not infer from
your own words, that you cannot possibly
bring yourself to concede to read the "writ-
ings or speeches" of Liberty party men, I
would ask you to read what I wrote to John
G. Whittier and Adin Ballou, on that part of
the Constitution now under consideration.

Blunder No. 2. But what pro-slavery act
does the African slave-trade, require at the
hands of one who should now swear to sup-
port the Constitution? None. No more
than if the thing, now entirely obsolete, had
never been. What a blunder then to speak
of this part of the Constitution as an obstacle
in the way of swearing to support those parts
of it which still remain operative!

Blunder No. 3. In your letter before me,
as well as your approval of an article in the
Liberator of 30th last month, you take the
position that the pro-slavery interpretations of
the Constitution, at the hands of Courts and
law-makers, are conclusive, that the Consti-
tution is pro-slavery. But you will yourself
go so far as to admit that all slavery under
the national flag, and in the District of Col-
umbia, and indeed everywhere, save in the
Old Thirteen States, is unconstitutional.—
Nevertheless, all such parts of unconstitutional
slavery have repeatedly been approved by
Courts and law-makers. You say that the
Constitution is what its exponents interpret
it to be; and that inasmuch as they interpret
it to be pro-slavery, you are bound to reject
it. But the dignified and authoritative ex-
ponents of the Bible interpret it to be pro-
slavery. Why then, according to your own
rules, should you not reject the Bible also?
Talleyrand, you know, thought a blunder
worse than a crime. You and I do not agree
with him. But we certainly cannot fail to
agree with each other, that your blunder No.
3, is a very bad blunder.

Blunder No. 4. You declare that because
the Constitution is, as you allege, pro-slavery,
it is inconsistent and unfair to reject a
slaveholder from holding office under it. Ex-
tend the application if you will, that you may
see its absurdity. The Constitution of my
State makes a dark skin a disqualification for
voting. Hence, in choosing officers under
it—even reversers of the Constitution itself—I
am not at liberty, according to your rule, to
exclude a man from the range of my selec-
tion, on the ground that he is in favor of such
disqualification. Nay, more, I must regard
his agreement with the Constitution on this
point, as an argument in favor of his claim
to my vote. Again, to conform to your rule,
a wicked community should, because it is
wicked, choose a wicked preacher—or be-
cause it is ignorant, choose an ignorant school
master. Yours is a rule that refuses to yield
to the law of progress, and that shuts the door
against all human improvement. You would,
for the sake of their consistency, have an in-
dividual—have a people—remain as wicked
as they are—and vote for drunkards and slave-
holders, because they have always done so.
The provision of the Constitution for its own
amendment, is, of itself, enough to silence
your doctrine, that the agreement of a man's
character and views with the Constitution, is
necessarily an argument for, and can never
be an argument against, his holding office
under it. The provision opens the door for
choosing to office under the Constitution,
those who disagree with it. This provision
implies that in the progress of things, a man's
agreement with the Constitution may be a

conclusive objection to clothing him with offi-
cial power under it.

But I will stop my enumeration of your
blunders, and put you a few questions.

1st. Do you not believe that it was settled
by the decision, in the year 1772, of the high-
est Court of England, that there was no legal
slavery in our American colonies?

2d. Do you not believe that there was no
legal slavery in any of the States of this Na-
tion at the time the Constitution was adopt-
ed?

3d. Do you not believe that the Constitu-
tion created no slavery; and that it is not to
be held as even recognizing slavery, provided
there was, at the time of its adoption, no legal
slavery in any of the States?

4th. Do you not believe that had the Amer-
ican people adhered to the letter and spirit
of the Constitution, chattel slavery would
have ceased to exist in the Nation?

You will, of course, be constrained to an-
swer all these questions in the affirmative.—
And I wish, that when you shall have an-
swered them, you would also answer one
more—and that is the question whether, since
you are hotly eager for the overthrow of all
civil Governments—(they are not Govern-
ments whose laws, it is said, they may be called,
are without the sanctions of force,) you
ought not to regard yourself most carefully
from seeking unjust occasions against them,
and from gratifying your hatred of them, at
the expense of candor and truth? An atheist
at heart is not unfrequently known to publish
his grief over what he (afflicted soul!) is pain-
ed to be obliged to admit as blunders upon
the Bible. His words are as if this blessed
book were inexplicably dear to him. Never-
theless, his inward and deep desire is that,
with or without the blunders he imputes to
it, the Bible may perish. Our non-resistants
throw themselves into an agony before the
public eye, on account of the pro-slavery,
which they allege taints the Constitution.—
But, aside, in their confidential circles, their
language is, "the Constitution pro-slavery
or anti-slavery, let it perish." Were the
Constitution unexceptionable to you on the
score of slavery, you would, being a non-re-
sistant, still hate it with unappeasable hat-
red. Now, I put it to you, my dear sir, whether
the non-resistants, when they ask us to listen
to their *disinterested* arguments against the
anti-slavery character of the Constitution, do
not show themselves to be somewhat *brag-
gadieu*? I say naught against your non-re-
sistance. That I am not a non-resistance myself
—that I still linger around the bloody and
life-taking doctrines in which I was edu-
cated—is perhaps, only because I have less
manly and pious than yourself. Often have
I tried to throw off this part of my education,
and that the Bible would not let me was,
perhaps, only my foolish and wicked fancy.

You ask me to join you in abandoning the
Constitution. My whole heart—my whole
sense of duty to God and man—forbids my
doing so. In my own judgment of the case,
I could not do so without being guilty of the
most cowardly and cruel treachery toward
my enslaved countrymen. The Constitution
has put weapons into the hands of the Amer-
ican people entirely sufficient for slaying the
monster within whose bloody and crushing
grasp are the three millions of American
slaves. I have not failed to calculate the toll,
and self-denial, and peril of using these weapons
manfully and bravely—and yet for one,
I have determined, God helping me, thus to
use them—and not self-indulgently and basely,
to cast them away. If the people of the
North should refuse to avail themselves of
their Constitutional power to efface the
overthrow of American slavery, on them must
rest the guilty responsibility, and not on the
power—for it is ample. To give up the Con-
stitution is to give up the slave. His hope
of a peaceful deliverance is, under God, on
the application of the anti-slavery principles
of the Constitution.

No, I cannot join you in abandoning the
Constitution and overthrowing the Govern-
ment. I cannot join you, notwithstanding
you tell me, that to do so is "the only politi-
cal action in which a man of honor and self-
respect can engage in this country." Your
telling me so is but another proof of your in-
tolerance and insolence—but another proof of
the unhappy change wrought in your temper
and manners by the associations and pursuits
of your latter years. Your telling me so car-
ries no conviction to my mind, and the truth of
what you tell me. It is a mere assertion—and
has, surely, none the more likeness to an
argument by reason of the exceedingly offen-
sive terms in which it is couched.

Since I began this letter, I have received
one from a couple of colored men of the city
of Alexandria. Never did I read a more elo-
quent or heart-melting letter. You remember
that Congress at its last session, left it to
the vote of the whites in that part of the Dis-
trict of Columbia south of the Potomac,
whether that part of the District should be
sent back to Virginia, and colored people be
subjected to the murderous and diabolical
laws which that State has enacted against col-
ored people, the free as well as the bond.—
The letter which I have received, describes
the feelings of our poor colored brethren, as
they saw themselves passing from under the
laws of the nation into the bloody grasp of
the laws of a slave state. I will give you an
extract.

"I know that could you but see the poor
colored people of this city, who are the poorest
of God's poor, your benevolent heart would
melt at such an exhibition. Fancy, but for
a moment, you could have seen them on the
day of election, when the set of Congress,
retroceding to Virginia, should be re-
jected or confirmed. Whilst the citizens of
this city and county were voting, God's hun-
dred people were standing in rows, on either
side of the Court House, and as the voters were
announced every quarter of an hour, the sup-
pressed sobs and lamentations of the peo-
ple of color were constantly ascending to God
for help and succor, in this hour of their
need. And whilst their cries and lamenta-
tions were going up to the Lord of Sabaoth,
the curses and shouts of the people, and the
sounds of the wide-mouthed artillery, which

made both the Heavens and the earth shake,
condemned us that, on the side of the op-
pressor there was great power. Oh, sir, there
never was such a time here before! We have
been permitted heretofore to meet together in
God's sanctuary, which we have erected for
the purpose of religious worship, but when-
ever we shall have this privilege when the Vir-
ginia laws are extended over us, we know not.
We expect that our schools will all be broken
up, and our privileges which we have enjoyed
for so many years, will all be taken away.
The laws of Virginia can hardly be borne by
those colored people that have been brought
up in a state of ignorance and the deepest
subjection; but, Oh, sir, how is it with us,
who have enjoyed comparative liberty? We
trust that we have the sympathies of the good
and the virtuous. We have been brought
up in a state of benevolence and love.
Dear friend, can you and yours extend to
our poor a helping hand, in this time of
our need? Remember, as soon as the Leg-
islature of Virginia meets, which is in De-
cember, they will extend their laws over us;
and in the Spring forty or fifty colored fam-
ilies would be glad to leave for some free
State, where they can educate their children,
and worship God without molestation. But,
dear sir, whether shall we go? Say Chris-
tian brother, and witness Heaven and earth,
whether shall we go? Do we hear a voice
from you saying, "Come here?" Or are we
mistaken? Say, brother, say, are we not
greater objects of pity than our highly favor-
ed and fortunate brethren of the North?—
(Heaven bless and preserve them!)"

If such, my friend, is the way, when but a
few hundred colored persons (and part of
them free) find themselves deserted by the
national power, what will it not be when,
in the bosoms of three millions of slaves, all
hope of the interposition of that power shall
be lost? That power I would labor to turn into
the channel of deliverance to these millions.
That power you would destroy. Alas, were
it this day destroyed, what a long black night
would settle down upon those millions!—
Vengeance might, indeed, succeed to despair;
and its superhuman arm deliver the enslaved.
But such a deliverance would be through
blood, reaching, in Apocalyptic language,
"even to the horse bridles;" and to such a
deliverance neither you nor I would know-
ingly contribute.

But I am extending my letter to double
the length I intended to give it—and must
stop.

With great regard,
Your friend,
GERRIT SMITH.

From the Liberator.

Joiner of Edmund Quincy to Gerrit

Smith.

Peterboro, Dec. 11, 1846.

Gerrit Smith, Esq., Peterboro, N.Y.

DEAR SIR—I received yesterday a copy
of the Albany Patriot, of the 9th instant, con-
taining your reply to my letter to you of the
12th ultimo, which, I presume, I am in-
debted to your politeness. I too, am on the
eve of leaving home, to attend an anti-slavery
meeting in Philadelphia, and fear that the
haste in which I must write may make me
omit noticing some points in your letter which
you may deem worthy of remark. If so, that
haste must be my excuse.

And first, I will despatch the matter that
seems to me most importantly to call for
notice in your letter, as it is one affecting my
personal character, and endeavor to show that
nothing in my letter to you is justly obnox-
ious to the charge of ill-breeding or bad man-
ners. You complain that I speak of the party
to which you belong, as the "Third party,"
which you consider as "a nickname," the in-
vention of blackguards, "the use of which is
characterized by vulgarity and meanness."
You indeed excuse me for employing the
term, on the hypothesis that I am ignorant of
the name your party has assumed; but as you
can hardly be serious in this supposition, and
especially as in my letter to you, I speak of
that party as one "that has baptized herself
with the name of Liberty," I cannot but think
that your politeness has led you to disguise
your censure under the veil of irony—a figure
of speech—to the use of which (Heaven help
me!) I am the last man in the world that has
any right to object.

Your opinion on this matter, I think, rests
on two fallacies. First, that a party has a
right to take any name it chooses, and to de-
mand the concurrence of all mankind in this
nomenclature. This proposition I deny.—
Every man has a right to judge, whether the
name assumed by a party is good or bad (and
especially when, as in this case, it is one in-
jurious or offensive to other parties or sects
of equal claims to the appellation,) is a cor-
rect description of its character, and, if he
thinks it is not, to refuse to accord the name
to it. And, secondly, that the term "Third
party," is one of opprobrium and reproach.—
This I also deny. I had no such thought
when I employed it. And on the face of it,
the idea is absurd. If I choose to call the
Democratic party the "First party," and the
Whig party the "Second party," I apprehend
that neither would have any right to com-
plain, nor should I at all compromise my
character for good-breeding by such a use of
language.

Had I known, indeed, that your feeling
was so strong on this point, I should have
avoided the employment of a term personally
offensive to you, and I will endeavor to be
on my guard in this letter, and in any future
correspondence I may have the honor to hold
with you, against a use of words which
gives you pain; but I cannot renounce my
right to apply such a nomenclature as may
seem good to me, on other occasions to your
party as well as to any other. And here per-
mit me to say, that I am a little surprised at
the extreme sensitiveness of yourself and
your party, (to judge by the tone of its or-
gans which I sometimes see,) to this matter
of its name. I can only account for it upon
that principle of human nature, which is said
(though certainly with many eminent excep-

tions) to make little men the most jealous of
their dignity, and the most suspicious of
personal disrespect. Were I you, I should
advise your little friend not to put its finger
in its eye whenever naughty men call it
names that it does not like, but to imitate
the example of its more robust companions, who
make small account of being called "*Loco-
Focos*," and "*Obnos*," and other names in
their own nature offensive and insulting,
which "*Third party*" is not.

Your strictures upon my frame of mind,
and style of writing, also call for a word of
remark. You think that the one is "proud
and disdainful," and the other "superlatively
arrogant and dogmatic." I am a "proud
and turkey-cock tension of pride," in my
conduct, and that of those who follow me, is
not, as you say, "superlatively arrogant and
arrogance;" and Mr. Wendell Phillips, in
particular, was on one occasion, at least,
moved by "fury," a "swollen spirit," and
"foaming wrath!" "These be very bitter
words," as Dame Quickly says; but I make
no objection whatever to your applying them to
me, or to my friends, if you think we de-
serve them. If, however, these strictures,
as far as I am concerned, were caused by
anything contained in my letter to you, I must
confess that, upon a careful re-perusal, I
have been unable to detect the occasion.

You had written a letter to Mr. Stephen
C. Phillips, in which you took him to task
for his inconsistency in condemning the Boston
kidnappers, after he had voted for Mr.
Clay. You put him in the same category
with the infamous Pearson and Hannum,
and you characterized his action and speech
in that matter as a "farce," "inducible be-
yond all parallel." The object of my letter
to you was to show, (as I did, to my own
satisfaction, at least,) that there was no just
distinction to be made between you and Mr.
Phillips, as long as you both sustained the
existing Constitution of the United States.
Had I not a right to deal out to you the same
measure, if I thought you deserved it, that
you had meted out to him? Has Mr.
Smith any exemption from criticism that
Mr. Phillips does not enjoy?

If they were meant to apply to my gen-
eral language respecting your party and its
measures, I can only, in the absence of dis-
tinct specifications, put in a general plea of
"not guilty." You complain that I, in com-
mon with "the gentlemen of my school,"
speak of your party as a pack of office seek-
ers, hypocrites, and scoundrels." This I
have never done, and I have never known of
its being done by any one of my friends.—
That you are "office-seekers," I am afraid
cannot be denied, as the very essence of a
political party is the seeking for office. I
never spoke of you as a "set of hypocrites
and scoundrels;" though I might not in truth
deny that you have some of the choicest
specimens of both, in your high places. I
have always done justice to the sincerity of
the masses of your party, mistaken as I
thought them. Indeed, I fancy that my tol-
eration and indulgence are more liberal than
your own; for while I have always granted
the sincerity of the thousands of Abolition-
ists in your party, I have always been as
willing to admit the equal sincerity of the
tens of thousands of equally honest Abolition-
ists in the Whig and Democratic parties.
I always maintained the anti-slavery prin-
ciple, of those Abolitionists to be as good as
those of your party, and their method not
worse.

You think that were I a reader of the pa-
pers of your party, "I should not feel myself
authorized to take it for granted, that to hold
an office under the Constitution is to be guilty
of swearing to support slavery." I cannot
think that such reading, however exten-
sive, would alter my opinion on so plain a
point as this. If you mean that I should
thus learn that many "wise and worthy
Abolitionists" think that they can swear to
support the Constitution, without compromising
their anti-slavery character, I certainly do
not need such a course of study for my infor-
mation. For I know too well the opinions
and the practices of honest Abolitionists in
your party, and of equally honest, and not
more inconsistent, Abolitionists in the other
two. But the character of the Constitution
is a matter of fact, and not of opinion, and no
array of numbers, and no amount of honest
error, could change my view of so very plain
a fact.

You doubt whether I have ever heard of
the name of Messrs. William Goodell and
Lyander Spooner. I have heard of both
those gentlemen, though I have not the hon-
or of a personal acquaintance with either
of them, and am familiar with their argu-
ments on this subject. These arguments,
you say, "there has been no attempt to an-
swer,"—from which circumstance you, some-
what gratuitously, infer "that they are un-
answerable." But the very page of the news-
paper which contains your reply to me,
shows that there has been an answer attempt-
ed to the first-named of these gentlemen,
and, to judge from the tone and temper of
the expulsion, (for it can hardly be called a
reply,) which it has produced, to some little
purpose. You remember that Fontenelle, in
his extreme old age, though he could not
hear the words of an argument, used to boast
that he could always tell which disputant
was in the wrong, by observing which got
angry first. And if it be true that no reply
has been made to the argument of Mr.
Spooner, I apprehend it is to be attributed
to any other reason than its being unanswer-
able.

Nothing has ever satisfied me more con-
clusively of the sinking condition of your
party, than the desperate eagerness with
which it has clutched at the straws extended
to it, first in the argument of Mr. Goodell,
and, since that gentleman has been kicked
on one side, to make way for the younger
"exponent of the Constitution," in that of
Mr. Spooner. The arguments of these gen-
tlemen are certainly striking examples of that
species of ratiocination, which is, vulgarly
but expressively, denominated "arguing the
case of a man's face." The seriousness

with which they apply themselves to dis-
prove the existence of the most prominent
feature of our national countenance, which
throws itself into our faces every moment of
our lives, is worthy of all admiration. The
celebrated proboscis of the hero of Slawken-
bergius's tale, or even the facial promontory
of Prince Naseby himself, in the fairy tale,
would vanish before the logic of these gen-
tlemen, should they ever have occasion to
maintain the theory that "THE HUMAN CON-
STITUTION IS AN ANTI-SLAVERY INSTRUMENT!"
Their dialectic skill surpasses even that of
Hudibras himself, who could only

divide
A hair 'twixt north and southwest side!"
Whereas these gentlemen could box the
compass about the first air that ever arose
at the brow of humanity. I have no disposi-
tion to deny their liberality, but it seems to
me to be about as much misplaced as that of
the projector in the Academy at Lagado, who
spent his life in trying to make cloth out of
cowbells.

You affirm that I have made several blun-
ders in my letter, to which I must briefly re-
vert. First, you deny that you told "that
the clause in the Constitution relating to the
Slave-Trade provides for its abolition." My
reason for thinking that you did was the fol-
lowing passage in your letter of July 18th,
1844, to John G. Whittier, Esq. You say
that "the colonies, at the time of the forma-
tion of the Constitution, each agreed with
its partners, under the new compact, not that
it would continue this trade for nineteen
years, (that would have been a *pro-slavery*
agreement,) but that, if it continued it at all,
it would discontinue it after nineteen years,
and that made it an *anti-slavery* agreement."
If you can see anything of this nature in the
clause in question, perhaps I ought not to be
surprised that you are unable to discern Slavery
in the Constitution. The States made
no such agreement at all. They only agreed
that Congress should prohibit the Slave-
Trade after 1808, then they would discon-
tinue it. You appeal to the history of the Con-
vention to confirm your theory, (though this
is an assistance which your authentic expo-
sitor, Mr. Spooner, rejects with contempt,) that
the Slave-Trade compromise was one
made by Slavery to Anti-Slavery. You
have read that history to a strange purpose,
if you do not know that it was the slavehold-
ers that demanded that the Slave-Trade
should be sac'd, even from Congress, for
nineteen years, and that only at the end of
that time it should be, not discontinued, as
you affirm, but submitted to the power grant-
ed to Congress to regulate commerce, to be
continued or discontinued as it should deem
best. Had it not been for this prohibition of
interference, the abolition of the Slave-Trade
might have been had in 1789, instead of
1808. I think it must require those keen
optics "which see what is not to be seen,"
that can discover any sign of anti-slavery in
this clause.

The reply to the second blunder you as-
cribe to me is substantially included in the
last paragraph. You think that this clause
is no obstacle "in the way of swearing to
support those parts of the Constitution which
remain operative," since the trade has been
actually abolished under its provisions, I idly
infer from you. That clause is not "obsolete,"
as you think. It is not dead, but sleepeth.
As Congress might have refused to abolish
the Slave-Trade in 1808, under the Constitu-
tion, so it may re-establish it to-morrow, if
it will. The power to abolish, implies the
power to continue and to restore. And we
may yet see this done, should the honest and
pious not be sufficient for the demand of the
new markets in Texas, California, and Mex-
ico.

I think you are singularly mistaken in the
idea, that the prohibition of the Slave-Trade
in 1808, was an Anti-Slavery triumph. If I
know anything of that portion of history, the
foreign trade was suppressed for the benefit
of the trade at home. The patriarchy found
that it was a better business to sell their own
children, than to import those of other men.
It was, in fact, the germ of the great Amer-
ican SYSTEM—the first national movement
for the PROTECTION OF DOMESTIC MANU-
FACTURES!

But my third and worst blunder consists
in holding, that the authentic tribunal to de-
cide on the meaning of the Constitution is the
Supreme Court of the United States. This
may be a "very bad blunder;" but it is
one, at least, which I cannot in any re-
spectable company. I do certainly hold, that
what the Court decides to be the meaning of
the Constitution is the supreme rule of ac-
tion, which all who swear to support the
Constitution are bound to maintain. If the
decision be a wicked one, it is still the rule
of action of all, so swearing, until it is re-
versed. My remedy is, to refuse to take
that oath, to refuse to do the wicked thing
required, and submit to the consequences, and,
in an extreme case, like this of Slavery,
to resort to revolution.

You reject this view, and by way of re-
ductio ad absurdum, you allege that "dignified
and authoritative exponents of the Bible
interpret it to be pro-slavery;" and thence
infer that I am bound either to accept their
exposition of the Bible, or reject the expo-
sition of the Supreme Court of the Constitu-
tion! But do you

ignorant community, or the drunkards, stood to you, at the time you entered into your political compact with them, in the same relation that the slaveholders did to the free States in 1789, and you recognized and sustained their prejudice, wickedness, ignorance, or drunkenness, in your Constitution, then I think you would be foreclosed, as a just man, from objecting to them as candidates. This I conceive to be a fair illustration. All religions are placed, by the Constitution, on an equal footing. If a party should be formed on the principle of "no voting for Catholics, nor for those in political fellowship with Catholics," I think that party would stand on precisely the same ground with yours. In both cases, the party would rest upon the rejection of a class of men, whom, by the Constitutional consent, the people have agreed to consider as good as anybody else. It can be done, of course, but only, I apprehend, by a breach of faith towards the ostracized persons.

Having finished your enumeration of my blunders, you propose to me the following questions:

1st. Do you not believe that it was settled by the decision, in the year 1772, of the highest court of England, that there was not any legal slavery in our American colonies?

2d. Do you not believe that there was no legal slavery in any of the States of this nation at the time the Constitution was adopted?

3d. Do you not believe that the Constitution created no slavery; and that it is to be held as even recognizing slavery, provided there was, at the time of its adoption, no legal slavery in any of the States?

4th. Do you not believe that had the American people adhered to the letter and spirit of the Constitution, chattel slavery would, ere this, have ceased to exist in the nation?

You then add, with singular naivete, "you will, of course, be constrained to answer all these questions in the affirmative." I cannot but question why you should take my assent to these extraordinary propositions for granted. I return a prompt, decided, emphatic, and categorical negative to each and all of them. This is all that is necessary, at this time, even had I space to discuss them. I would only say to those who have never sat at the feet of the present Gannett of your party ("the Cynthia of the minute") that the play is on the word "legal," and the answer to the questions depends upon the definition given to that word. As to the third question, of course I do not believe that the Constitution created slavery, but it took notice of the actual existence of slavery in the several sovereignties of which it was the League, by their common and statute law, and recognized and provided for it.

I am not disposed to enter into the merits of the Non-Resistance question, at the present time, although you open that issue at the close of your letter. I will not even be at the pains to correct your mistaken notions of the nature of that movement, which is not "belly-aching for the overthrow of civil governments," but earnestly desirous of changing the *animus* that inform them,—which does not oppose the use of necessary force or of wise restraint, but would have been solely employed for the cure and restoration, never for the punishment, of the criminal,—which has no plot against the institutions of society, but only a hope of substituting the spirit of benevolence, good will, and mutual confidence for that of selfishness, fear, and violence which now pervades them. I will attempt no defence, or even explanation of that philosophy. For what is it to the present purpose? Suppose the non-resistant Disunionists to be all you imagine them. Suppose that we are in the habit of meeting, at midnight, with dark lanterns and slouched hats, like so many Guy Fawkes, to glaze over the explosion of the mine which we are running underneath the foundations of human society, and which is to blow it "sky high, Sir, sky high,"—what, then? You surely would not condemn the innocent with the guilty? For you can scarcely be ignorant, notwithstanding the dust that is thrown by your party papers, that the non-resistant are but a very inconsiderable fraction of the Disunion ranks. The great majority of the Disunionists have no quarrel with the Constitution of the United States, excepting its pro-slavery character. I am sorry for it, but so it is.

One thing, however, you will permit me to say, before concluding this long letter, and it is this: I conceive that you, and the gentlemen who promulgate the doctrines of your party, as to the Constitution of the United States, are not the men to censure non-resistant for the mischief their opinions would bring upon mankind. Your own doctrines appear to me to strike at the root, not only of civil government, but of human society. If men may construe the most solemn contracts to please themselves; if they may receive the consideration of a bargain, and then refuse to perform the conditions; if the sanctity of oaths may be dispensed with by mental reservation or verbal equivocation; if Constitutions of Government and solemn acts are to be submitted, like the dogmas of religious belief, to the caprices of private judgment; if the obligations of promises may be avoided by the pretence of conscience, and be construed on the understanding of him that makes, and not him that receives them; if every man is thus to be a Constitution and a law unto himself,—then, a state of genuine *no-government* would ensue,—in which there would be no law but mob-law, no magistrate but Judge Lynch, a state of things which would be the very essence of Jacobinism, the very quintessence of anarchy.

I do not charge you or your party, with any deliberate design to bring about this condition of things; but such seems to me the necessary tendency of the looseness of your political morality. The tendency to disorganization, and the growing disregard to public and private obligations, is everywhere to be seen, and nowhere out of the slave country, more conspicuously than in your own State. I do not suppose that your party has had much influence in producing this state of things, for it is not considerable enough to have much effect in any way; but I am sure it has no tendency to retard it. I am not acquainted, as you suggest, with what you call "Bible politics;" but if they be consistent with that laxity of moral and political principle on which I have inadvertently, and the consequences of which I have traced,—(and especially as you yourself state that the Bible, as you read it, still compels you to "linger round the bloody and life-taking doctrines" which deform civilized institutions.)—I can but trust that God may never visit them in his wrath upon

the community where I and my children are appointed to abide.

I have the honor to be,
Your obedient servant,
EDMUND QUINCY.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Pro-Slavery Methodism.

"MURDER WILL OUT."

A few weeks since the "Rev." Parker, of the North Ohio Conference, undertook to defend the M. E. Church against the attacks of anti-slavery men, who declare her to be pro-slavery. He announced that if he did not satisfy the people that the church was anti-slavery, he would then debate the question with "any competent person."

The people were not satisfied, and on the following evening was replied to by J. W. Walker, of Cleveland, who, in reviewing the lecture of the previous day, showed that what little was said on the subject was entirely contradicted by facts. Friend Walker, in examining the discipline of the M. E. C., proved that it allowed and justified the international slave trade, and the holding of slaves to any possible extent. That it never had condemned slavery as sin, but acknowledged the right of property in man. That all the parade about the extirpation of the evil of slavery was a farce, intended to blind and deceive. That they proposed to do nothing that could possibly, even in untold generations, tend to the emancipation of the slaves, but must necessarily increase the curse, and perpetuate its existence.

Those clauses that make the laws of the state regulate the action of the church received no mercy at his hands; the time-serving priestly sycophancy of that church, looked supremely contemptible.

The action of her grand councils, or, as she calls them, her General Conferences, were then examined, when it was shown that her whole influence had been given to the side of slavery. That they had repeatedly declared that they were opposed to abolitionism, to all anti-slavery movements whatever. That they denounced the friends of the slave, while not a word was ever uttered in behalf of the perishing bondman. The speaker remarked that when the General Conference, in 1836, declared that they "had no wish or intention to interfere in the civil and political relation existing between master and slave," they gave utterance to a GREAT TRUTH, for this had been, and still was the settled policy of that church. She has no wish but to see the chains tightened and the fetter made faster.

The action of her Annual Conferences, the recorded sayings and sentiments of her leading priests underwent review, and were fully shown to be on the side of the oppressor. The speaker then enquired what has been the usage of the church? She has daily been adding to the number of her slaves; she has yearly increased the number of her man-stealing communicants; she has cherished the viper, and it has fattened under her fostering care. While she has as far as in her lay, martyred those who dared to declare that her man-stealing, woman-whipping, cradle-plundering practice was of the devil.

At the close of the meeting, the "Rev." Parker announced that on a subsequent evening he would reply.

At the time appointed, he edified his audience until the last possible particle of patience had expired, and many had left the house. Such an exhibition of low priestly cunning, base canting hypocrisy, and double-dealing, I have rarely listened to. I hazard nothing when I say that the lecture was three hours evasion. It must have been a studied attempt to mislead and deceive. One would suppose that every thing the man had thought of for a year was jumbled into what he was pleased to call a "reply." At one time he would be engaged in demolishing, as he supposed, S. S. Foster; then in combating Orange Scott; then he would spend a long time in reading a reply from his "own pen" to Luther Lee—whom he was pleased to call the greatest logician in the country—which reply, of course, left Lee forever in the shade; then he would examine the Wesleyan Discipline for near an hour, although told that the book he was reading from was not the discipline. Now he would warn friend W. for selling the "Brotherhood of Thieves," and then tell us how he felt for sinners, and longed to see a revival of religion. Then he would try to work on the sympathies of his dupes by talking about "their mother," and would they leave their mother, and would they speak evil of their mother," and such like hypocritical slang; read extracts from Asbury to show that the M. E. Church was anti-slavery, and finally found fault because friend W. did not open his meeting with prayer.

At the close friend W. stated that he came there to discuss one question, viz: "Is the M. E. Church anti-slavery?" and did not feel free to waste his own and the people's time in discussing "everything." That he should speak the next afternoon and evening, and if his opponent needed it he might have Eternity to reply in.

In the afternoon friend W. spoke on the parable of the man who fell among thieves, distinctly stating that that lecture was no part of the discussion.

He proved beyond all controversy that the conduct of the priesthood had been of the most sickening kind—that they had stolen

the livery of heaven that they might commit the most fearful atrocities—that they had entered into an engagement, and had ever been faithful to it, to stand by and defend the heaven-daring crime of chattel slavery—that they had ever stood up the vindicators of oppression, and for a reward took a portion of the slave child's food, a part of the slave mother's clothing, and the price of her chastity.—That if the Bible had been dragged into the service of slavery, the priest had done it.—That if a book had been written in defense of baby stealing, the priest had written it. If a champion was wanted to defend the system, the priest was the man. That they were ready to do any villainous action for hire.—"Mothers," said the speaker, pointing to the "Rev." Parker, "that man stands here to-day to plead that under some circumstances it is right to steal your babies." Husbands that it is right to tear from you your wives, &c.; the effect was powerful—intense was the feeling of indignation towards the "Rev." abettors of sin.

In the evening friend W. showed up successfully the duplicity of his opponent's course, remarking that he always found this to be the course of pro-slavery preachers; he had never found an honest man among them, he did not believe there was one. He remarked that he was not there that occasion to defend the "Brotherhood of Thieves," but to expose them, of which his opponent was a most worthy member.

The lecture of this pro-slavery priest was analyzed, classified and refuted to the satisfaction of the meeting, if we are to judge from the approbation manifested by the audience. Friend W. closed a powerful appeal by remarking that so far as he was concerned, and the cause he advocated, they could afford to let the other side have the first and last speech.

"Rev." Parker replied the next night although friend W. told him he should not be there. What his success was I cannot say, as I did not think it worth while to attend.—Pro-slavery Methodism is vastly below par in these quarters, its day is past. But my letter is already too long.

OBSERVER.

MARLBORO, DEC. 20th, 1846.

Friends Jones:

I give below a statement of facts for the columns of the Bugle, showing the atrocity of the slaveholding laws in their effects upon colored travellers, and also upon their white companions.

John Stewart, a colored man, residing for several years past in Lancaster county, Pa., solicited me, when in the East some weeks past, to accept him as a travelling companion to this state, whether he wished to come for the purpose of visiting his father, and seeking for himself a home if he liked the country. To his request I readily assented, at that time I intended coming by the way of Harrisburg, and thence to Pittsburgh by the canal. Circumstances rendering it necessary for me to take the southern route, by way of Baltimore, I suggested to him the possibility of his becoming a victim of slaveholding tyranny; but his desire to have company in whom he could confide, overbalanced the apparent danger, and he still pressed his wish to come, even by that route, and I yielded, as I could not entertain an idea that laws so atrocious as those which disgrace the statute books of Maryland could find a response in the hearts of the people, or a hand so vile as to enforce them.

My mother, John and myself, took tickets at Wilmington, Delaware, on the 26th Nov. for a passage in the cars to Baltimore; and there was no objection made, or questions asked on account of his color, for this was the entrance to the trap. We arrived at the latter place in the evening, where we had to wait for the Cumberland train till morning. A short time previous to the hour for the departure of the train, I repaired to the Depot to procure tickets, and was met by a query as to the freedom or slavery of the man of color,* and on my replying that he was free, the collector called in a most taunting and insolent manner for the evidence of the same, to which I replied that I was provided with no evidence in the case, save my own testimony, which I was free to give if required. And Oh! reader, couldst thou but have seen the Slaveocracy and Pharisaical air with which his countenance was distorted, as he replied, "such testimony, sir, will be entirely insufficient for your purpose;" and the pompous insolence with which he expressed his conviction that I was endeavoring to entice slaves from their masters, you would have witnessed a scene which can never be enacted save where some vile influence bath crushed and darkened all the holier feelings of the soul, and made of man a Demon.

I was now convinced that all efforts to obtain for John a passage, would be worse than futile, as it was a waste of time, and a confirmation in their minds of suspicions which proved in the end to have been already strongly enough excited. I therefore purchased tickets for myself and mother, and hastened to our lodgings; not, however, until I was convinced that movements were there being set on foot to capture and subject to slavery one who had confided in me as a protector, even when he knew that human hyenas were thirsting for his blood. I lost no time in in-

*The tickets which are given to white passengers will not secure a seat for a colored man.

forming him of the facts, and that secret flight was his only means of salvation.—While he was preparing himself for this, I was in search of a back way by which he might escape, as there were already spies in front to note our movements; but in this I was thwarted, as the rear of the house was all enclosed. And now another expedient presented itself; the cars were on the eve of starting—passengers were hurrying to the Depot, and negro slaves were carrying their trunks. A word, a hint, to John was sufficient; he seized a trunk, and was off for the train, intending after depositing it to walk carelessly off from the crowd as a porter, and make his escape as way opened. But spies were out—a scent had been discovered, and the hungry hounds of slavery were all panting for the blood of a victim. I know not how they selected him from a score of others of the same complexion, engaged in the same business, but they did it, and he was seized by the collector who had refused him the privilege of travelling on the road, and an emissary of the law.

But yet they were not appeased; suspicion was rife as to my intentions, and I also must be detained to answer to a charge of guilt or not guilty, of an attempted act of justice and mercy. My own danger had not once so much as crossed my mind, until I was aroused to a sense of it by John's presenting himself in the car, and telling me that two gentlemen wished to see me outside, when an entire conviction of their business and my own situation flashed upon me. I recollected that I was in the heart of that city where Torrey was sacrificed, and on the very point of being arrested on suspicion of being engaged in a similar work of love. In the magnitude of my brother's danger every thing else was forgotten; of myself I had never thought, but now it all came athwart me like an electric shock; he was discovered—I was sought; and assuming an air of command, I bade him begone in an opposite direction, in a manner which revealed to him all that I felt, and he hastened to improve the opportunity to escape, but was again intercepted by his enemies, who again eagerly enquired for me. Being now aware of my danger, with a generosity above expression, he determined to thwart them in that attempt, and replied that I would be there in a moment. The cars were now put in motion.—I came not, and in their eagerness to secure me, they left John to hunt for me, the collector to recognize, and the officer to arrest.—Now was John's time for escape, and well did he improve it. In the dense crowd of strange faces the collector was unable to recognize me, and to his repeated calls of my name there was no one to answer. The locomotive was now attached—the speed of the cars was rapidly increasing, and they had to leave or run the risk of being borne farther than they wished.

We were now whirled from the city with great speed, myself enduring such agonizing reflections as never before had been my lot. I felt that my brother had literally been cast among thieves, and I had deserted him in their midst; not thieves who would rob him of all he had and send him forth from among them, but thieves who would devote himself, his life, his soul, and his posterity for ever, to their unhallored lusts. The thought was almost maddening. I saw in the face of every man a demon; although surrounded by human beings, there was none whom I could trust, or of whom I could ask advice. I felt myself among another race, for slavery transforms humanity into ———, I had nearly said brutally, but that were slanderous, for brutes devour not their own species. Yet on I came; I scarce knew why or whither, so rapid and bewildering were the revolutions of my thoughts. Could I render service to him whom I had left as a lamb among wolves, no danger should have driven me from his side; but this I could not. I still indulged a hope, faint though it was, that he too would elude their grasp, which, a thousand praises to his own tact and perseverance, he did. I know that many would render unto God this praise, but I worship not a Deity who would bring his subjects into such eminent peril for the sake of leading them safely out.

You, dear reader, may imagine my feelings when, a few days past this same man presented himself at my dwelling with a broad grin of triumph animating his every feature; and you must imagine too how deeply interesting were the answers which he gave as to the manner of his escape and all incidents connected therewith, for a rehearsal of them would swell this already lengthy epistle to an extent which would preclude it entirely from the columns of a periodical. Suffice it that he escaped from the Depot in consequence of their eagerness to secure me; that he found friends even in Baltimore, that Sodomy of the North, who gave him advice and assistance; that under cover of the darkness of night he made his way out of Maryland into Pa., and by the most direct route to Pittsburgh, and thence to Salem, where he visited his friends, and then came to Marlboro where he is now attending school.

And now with the setting right of a rumor which is about to will close. He is reported in this neighborhood by those who know something of the circumstances, as being a fugitive slave, which he is not, but a free man according to the laws, even of this slaveholding land. But this makes no difference in Maryland. Every colored man or woman is presumed to be a slave, and if he or she en-

not furnish satisfactory evidence of freedom, is put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder! Yours for Light and Liberty.

A. G. WILEMAN.

Mob at Troy.

Editors of the Bugle:

Dear Friends—Miss Harriet N. Torrey, of Parkman, H. H. Hatch and myself notified meetings for Troy on the 23d and 24th ult. Friend Hatch could not attend. Miss Torrey and myself attended the first meeting. Supposing, as is usually the case, that there was a large amount of prejudice in the community against our cause, I opened with remarks in explanation of our general views. I had great difficulty in proceeding. A Deacon of the church occupying the house in which we held our meeting, would frequently break in upon and stop me. When undertaking to explain why we denominated the American Churches the "Bulwarks of Slavery" and a "Brotherhood of Thieves," the Deacon rose and with an air of authority said he would not hear such language if he could prevent it—said he owned a share in the house, &c.—I replied that I should not be gagged—could leave the house if necessary—but would say what I pleased while I remained. I suppose the Deacon chose not to take the responsibility of putting me out; and as he could not brow-beat me down he became comparatively quiet, and I made such remarks as I chose. Miss Torrey followed. She took up the Churches—exposed their hypocrisy and consummate knavery with decided truthfulness and ability. Her efforts were very creditable; and I hope an earnest one of the advantages the cause is yet to derive from her taking the field as an open advocate. Dr. Sheldon undertook to set her right by saying he had been south and knew from personal observation that Miss Torrey was incorrect—he had seen slaves attending meetings and had heard them preached to by white men as well as ministers of their own color. In reply, I stated that there was no want of religion in our country, but that it was a curse and scourge, and was going on to illustrate, when the Dr. abruptly left, muttering away at us while going. I then showed what kind of a religion the Dr. had endorsed by reading from such specimens of pro-slavery religion as I had at hand. I was not surprised that the Dr. wished to avoid the hearing—and I think the congregation were also of my opinion.

Next evening Miss Torrey could not attend, and hence the meeting was left entirely upon my hands. On calling it to order, I found that a mob was on hand, ready for the defense of the "Church and State." Considering it was their first effort, they did well. The silent grin from the church members present showed that their (the mob's) services were appreciated, and also who were their employers, and by whom they were kept in countenance. Their exercises consisted in talking and laughing, walking the house, singing religious songs, throwing snow-balls, &c. I could do but little more than make myself heard. Once I gave way, and appealed to the substantial citizens to frown down such conduct. One or two expressed suitable disapprobation, but with that exception, the language of the meeting's silence was a virtual approval of the disturbance. At this crisis, Dr. Richmond, of Burton, came forward and poured upon the audience such a flood of rebuke as I scarce ever before heard. But all to no purpose.—Would that audience break faith with that mob, when they constitute a part of the great political and ecclesiastical mob of the nation, leagued together for the purpose of crushing three millions of the human family! Not they. Hence were the Doctor's appeals fruitless.

Now, I ask, who constituted the Troy mob? Who were the responsible movers? Not the puppets that danced upon the stage. They were, no doubt, hair-brained ninnies, and could therefore be acted upon at the pleasure of those who chose to use them. Who worked the wires? The Church of Troy! Why did they not come up and do their dirty work themselves? To their character of mobocrats they have now added that of dastard cowards. They dared not do openly what they instigated others to perform.

It is enough to hand over Troy to a righteous public sentiment. When tried before her tribunal, abolitionists need not fear the verdict.

Yours for the cause,

H. W. CURTIS.

Dickinson & Keller.

Friends Editors:

Without wishing to dictate the course you shall pursue in conducting your paper, permit me to express my regret at the publication of such articles as T. R. Dickinson's communication in last week's Bugle. Two columns of your paper are occupied with the discussion of a mere private matter between "the only Attorney-at-Law in Randolph, Portage county, Ohio," and an isolated Methodist Priest, which, be the matter as it may, cannot be of any interest to the general reader, or result in any good to the Anti-Slavery enterprise. The cause of human liberty is a great and glorious one—and those who devote themselves to its promulgation should give to it all their energies and talents, without stepping aside to bring in "extraneous topics," or questions which have no legitimate connection with the cause of liberty.

Do not think that in saying this, I would limit or restrict the right of free discussion. I am unqualifiedly in favor of the freedom of thought and speech on all subjects. I believe that it is only by the toleration of free discussion that we can arrive at a correct conclusion on any question, whether political, moral, or social. But I very much doubt the correctness of the policy which characterizes the conductors of the Bugle in devoting so much space to the discussion of questions of a mere local or private nature, which, if they interest any persons at all, can only be those who are immediately concerned in them.

The Bugle was established for the promotion of that great and heaven-born principle,—the inalienable right of all God's creatures to the blessings of Liberty and Equality. It is emphatically the Pioneer Disunion Sheet of the great West. It has a subscription list of *seventeen hundred*, is spread over considerable extent of territory, and is probably read by four or five times that number. It is important, then, that instead of filling its columns with sectional discussions or petty controversies, you should endeavor to make it interesting to *all* your readers. I feel considerable interest in the success of the Bugle, and, as a general thing, am well pleased with it, but feel called upon to express my disapprobation at the appearance of articles which cannot interest the majority of its patrons, and have no relevancy to the cause which it was designed to advocate.

A SUBSCRIBER.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, JANUARY 15, 1847.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut sts.

What do you intend to do?

It is highly important that every one of our subscribers shall answer the above question, and answer it in such a way as justice and his or her duty to the cause of freedom require. The Publishing Committee need money, and *must* have it. Shall they receive it in subscriptions to the Press from those who can without serious inconvenience afford to pay \$25 for a share? must it come from those who have not yet paid their dues on the paper? or will the Committee be compelled to borrow money at an expense to themselves?

Some who profess to be Abolitionists do not seem to care enough about the cause, even to pay their subscription to the Bugle, though they are abundantly able to do so. There are those who would feel insulted if their anti-slavery character was called in question, that owe for the paper from the commencement of its publication.

Now let me say to one and all of our subscribers, if you can raise any money for the Committee, send it in immediately. If you can spare but one dollar, send that. If you can spare two or three, the more welcome will be the remittance. If you can get one, two, or more of your neighbors to join you, send on your money together, as it will save expense. If there has been an agent appointed in your neighborhood, and you prefer paying it to him, do so, and request him to forward it speedily.

Will our subscribers stir up each other's minds by way of remembrance! Let their greeting one to another be, "A Happy New Year! Have you paid for your Bugle yet?"

JAMES BARNABY, Jr.,

General Agent.

OUR VISIT TO THE RESERVE.

Although the weather which prevailed during the greater part of our recent tour was unfavorable for travelling, yet we feel well satisfied with the results. Many of the meetings we held were large and interesting, and those which were smaller were generally satisfactory, though in a few places the soil was exceedingly bad. We found the "state of things"—to use an expressive phrase—very much as we had anticipated. Within two years past very many have had their attention directed to the question of slavery; some went into the investigation with a determination to prove all things, holding fast only to that which is good; others, who had their sympathy strongly interested in behalf of the poor of God's heritage, being weak in spirit, turned away sorrowful when they learned how great was the sacrifice humanity required at their hands. The latter are of course far more numerous than the former, for earth has not many who are willing to give up all for Truth's sake, to brast the current of popular opinion, to trample under foot the prejudices of the world and be branded as traitor and infidel that God may be glorified and the slave redeemed. Yet such there are, and great to us was the pleasure which our intercourse with them afforded, and not only was it pleasant, but strengthening to our spirits. It is a matter of self-gratulation that we have formed a personal acquaintance with so many true men and women, faithful laborers in the great moral vineyard. These are the truly great, though their names may be but little known and their labors now unappreciated. It may

be that when the grave opens to receive them and they pass from the presence of men, the world shall take no note of their departure, and build no monument to their memories, yet their influence is stamped upon the age, it will outlive the crumbling cenotaphs of forgotten heroes, and exist even when time shall be no more. May God strengthen and sustain them! for it is mainly through the efforts of such laborers that the slave is to be redeemed and the spirit of tyranny cast out—they are the little rills which are to form and feed the mighty river which is destined to bear upon its bosom the gifts of freedom and of joy to the fettered bondman. The bed of the Mississippi would be a streamless ravine were it not for the constant supply it receives from the numberless rivulets which gather up the drops as they trickle from rock to rock upon the far distant hills and mountains, and bring them to that river upon whose waters float the costly palaces and gigantic warehouses of a mighty people. And though the traveler may hasten to his port of embarkation all unmindful of the petty stream which crosses his pathway, yet it is to the aggregate power of just such streams that he designs to entrust his person and his property; and those who now scorn the faithful labors in an unpopular cause of the almost unknown and wholly unhonored few, shall hereafter be moved by the influence of those labors to deeds for Humanity's sake.

In many of the churches there exists a spirit of inquiry whose progress cannot be stayed, and some are beginning to perceive that an endorsement of the slaveholder's claim to the name of Christian is a virtual support of slavery. Though the cry of infidelity has been used as a shield with which to ward off the blows of truth, yet the common people, who if left to the instinct of their own divine nature, will hearken as gladly to the voice of the Teacher now, speaking through the feelings and emotions of their hearts, as they did eighteen hundred years ago, when the Master moved personally among them—are becoming dissatisfied with their position, and are inquiring, "What shall we do to be saved from the guilt of slavery?" Many of the churches are agitated and distracted by the discussion of this great question, much to the sorrow doubtless, of those who value sectarian unity more than righteous principle. They feel the growing pressure of an anti-slavery public sentiment, both within and without, and are unable to resist it; and those who sit in high places see with dismay that the thinking portion of the people are not to be diverted from an examination of their own condition by the iteration and reiteration of charges—whether true or false—preferred against others. If it were not for the efforts of those who, believing their craft in danger, cry "Great is Diana of the Methodists!" "Great is Diana of the Disciples!" "Great is Diana of our denomination!" the churches on the Reserve would be speedily purified of slavery; nor can they long resist the truth with all the talent and ingenuity of a pro-slavery priesthood to sustain them, for "God hath bared his right arm for the battle."

In some of the towns we visited, anti-slavery sewing circles had been organized, and it was evident that the interest which the women there felt in the cause, was, as a general thing, very much greater than among those where such plan of labor had not been adopted. The subject was necessarily brought before them at their weekly or their semi-monthly meetings, and so delightful are these frequent gatherings, and so evident the benefit resulting therefrom, that with many it has come to be regarded as a pleasure and a privilege to attend them—a pleasure, which an abolitionist only can fully know, a privilege which none other can rightly appreciate.—We hope the friends of the Disunion movement, and of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, which is the only association this side the mountains that endorses and sustains the movement, will faithfully use this instrumentality in promoting the spread of their principles. Let them not be discouraged if but few should manifest an interest in it—where two or three are gathered together in such a cause, good will certainly result. Abolitionists should be the last persons in the world to despise the day of small things, or to undervalue the disinterested efforts of the humblest individuals. To say nothing about the other benefits flowing from their voluntary labor for the welfare of their fellow men, their gatherings present to the world an example worthy of all imitation, and in this do great service to the cause of reform.

The Liberator.

The price of this invaluable paper has been reduced to \$2 per year, payable in advance, or \$2.50 at the expiration of six months. Its spirit-stirring editorials, strong and thrilling as the blasts of a war trumpet—its choice selections—its extensive domestic and foreign correspondence, combine to render it a periodical of uncommon interest. It is the pioneer sheet in the cause of Immediate Emancipation—is Wm. Lloyd Garrison's own paper, and not the organ of a Society—takes a general view of all reformatory movements; hence it possesses attractions of no ordinary nature. We hope it will have an extensive circulation in the West as well as in the East.

ALEXANDER BARROW, U. S. Senator from Louisiana, died in Baltimore, on Christmas day, after a short illness.

"Dickinson and Keller."

The communication with this caption, appears to be written in a very good spirit, and is certainly worthy of consideration. It is very difficult to decide (and the writer would find it so, were he at our post,) in regard to many articles, whether they should or should not be published. One sends a communication he deems of much consequence—indeed he seems to think the success of the anti-slavery cause in his place depends upon its publication. We give place to it—perhaps it does a good work in his neighborhood, but the readers of the Bugle generally are not interested in it. Now the question arises shall we reject such communications, or will our readers enlarge their sympathy, expand their ideas, and interest themselves in every movement that has the most remote bearing upon the cause, whether it be made in a retired place or elsewhere? By this we do not mean to encourage an extensive correspondence of a local character—we have too much of that already.

The Bugle has many contributors, let each be tolerant toward the other, and let each remember that the article which has far less interest to him than the one he penned himself, is of equal importance perhaps in the eyes of others. And if the readers of our paper who are not contributors, do not like our correspondence, it shall be superseded by that which is better if they will furnish it—for we do not our present correspondents love the cause of the slave so well, that they would be willing to give place to that which would do more good.

In regard to the letters of Dickinson and Keller, we acknowledge that the space they occupy might have been filled with more interesting matter, but still we cannot agree with "A Subscriber" that these letters have nothing to do with the anti-slavery cause.—Were he acquainted with the state of things at Randolph, and with the efforts of Keller to injure the Disunion movement, he would regard these letters in a different light. We are obliged to him however for his suggestion and will endeavor to profit thereby.

Found His Place.

A recent number of a Liberty party paper publishes the names of the speakers who are expected to attend a Convention of that party to be held on the Reserve, and among others, is that of Isaac Winans, Portage co.—We rejoice to know that this Reverend gentleman has at last shown his true colors—none will now mistake him for a Disunionist. In a letter written by him last spring to a friend of ours in this place, although he did not speak of himself as being fully one in sentiment, he intimated that it would be far more agreeable to him to be engaged in some anti-slavery movement less tinged with politics than was the Ohio Anti-Slavery Society (not the Ohio American that was, now the Western) with which he had been connected. He is now advertised as a speaker at the Convention of a political party.

We do hope, that in that Convention he will not be so injudicious as to insist upon asking the members the same question he has so determined we should answer in our meeting at Garrettsville a few weeks since. And we think he will not; for George Bradburn of Mass., who is to be a brother speaker of Mr. Winans, being, if we mistake not, a Unitarian minister, his views of the Atonement would, to say the least, probably be quite as heterodox as those of S. S. Foster or the Editors of the Bugle, and though Mr. Winans may bark infidel at Disunion, he dares not at Liberty party.

Petitions.

Why don't our friends send in their petitions to the State and National Legislatures? Remember that Congress has a short session this year, and it is desirable that your petitions be there in season.

We observe that some few have been received at Columbus, and they produced quite a sensation too, especially the one asking it to declare the Federal Union dissolved, on account of the annexation of Texas. Let the agitation be kept up—let the Legislature hear from a dozen towns every week until all the petitions be sent in. The Western Anti-Slavery Society sent out some 500 copies to be filled up and forwarded to Columbus—we hope they have all been circulated, and will be heard from soon. Enclose them in envelopes and send to such members as you wish to present them. Postage need not be paid.

The petition to Victoria may be sent—post paid—to the editors of the Bugle, who will forward the same. To-day we received one of this kind from Betsy M. Cowles, containing 410 names. The friends at Austinburg and thereabouts must have been very diligent in its circulation. Who will follow their example? Others have come to hand with a long list of names. Let us have the whole 240 copies, well filled, as soon as possible.

THE WEDDELL HOUSE.—This splendid hotel which has just been completed in Cleveland, is to be opened in the spring as a rum shop. A few weeks since a man who was working on the outside of the building at the lettering over the door, fell from the scaffolding and was instantly killed; how many will fall and be killed by the bottle-process inside the door, can be better told by the drunkard's widows and orphan children yet to be.

To Correspondents.

M. A. T. His articles shall be inserted at an early date. The money was received, and directions complied with.

J. M. of M. Our thanks for the subscribers—we hope this is an earnest of what he will do in future. The communication accompanying his is unsuited to our columns. We left it at Painesville in care of the person with whom we found it. The two would occupy far more space than we could spare, if there were no other objection. As only one article will be inserted perhaps 50 extra copies will not be wanted. Let us know soon.

C. W. L. His request shall be attended to as soon as possible—the delinquent list shall be forwarded. There is no person here, at present, of the character described. If we see such a one, W. J. W. shall hear from us. Glad to learn our meetings did good.

J. W. W. A supply of "The Forlorn Hope" has been ordered. He will receive a copy from Boston, in a few days.

A. L. C. D. His article is inadmissible. B. W. R. His communication shall be inserted as soon as the press of matter we have on hand shall be disposed of.

A great deal of rhyme has been received, some of which forcibly reminds us, of that very sensible couplet,

"A man can no more make himself a poet,
Than a sheep can make itself a goat."

A. R. has probably received a letter ere this, which has satisfied him that no blame should be attached to any one here. A copy of the Bugle was returned with his name on it, and a request to discontinue—this was done. We are sorry the difficulty occurred, of which he complains, but it was not our fault.

J. J. W. A communication as long as his, we cannot insert entire, unless it be a narrative of facts. Essays & "Reflections" should be brief. We may find room for a part of his article.

M. E. When opportunity offers his favor will appear.

Are the Wesleyans Retrograding?

Have not the Wesleyan Methodists of this country always claimed to be an anti-slavery body, willing to receive and fearless to preach the truth? and did not the recent action of a certain Conference prove that it at least has forgotten these high professions, and become tinged with that spirit of compromise which has so cursed other sects? Is it not true that A. R. Dempster, on behalf of the church with which he is connected, preferred a charge against William J. Coon, one of the preachers belonging to the Leesburg Conference, the substance of which charge was, that in remarking upon the slaveholding character of James K. Polk and Henry Clay, he declared "they were two of the grandest villains in the United States!" This was perhaps an injudicious remark, and the speaker probably did not take into account the unpopularity of such a condemnation of the head of the Democratic, and the idol of the Whig party, nor consider how much the Wesleyan members of those parties would be offended by it.

It is true James K. Polk and Henry Clay are both slaveholders; but are they not also both honorable men, and are not all slaveholders honorable men? and is it not true that the Leesburg Conference did, at its last session held at Franklin about two months since, entertain the charge referred to and although not pretending to deny the correctness of the statement made by the offender, did it not pass a resolution recommending him to be more guarded in future? not in the use of facts, but of language? If Clay and Polk, instead of stealing MAN, the most perfect and beautiful piece of living mechanism which the Maker of the Universe ever created, had simply robbed the members of the Conference of their watches, would it have been so prompt to administer rebuke?

Uncharitableness.

It is high time this charge rests where it belongs. A prominent and very rabid Liberty party man in this county, was the other day, berating Edmund Quincy in the most unmerciful way for his lack of charity—it required too great a stretch of credulity to believe that he was sincere when he declared that Whig and Democratic abolitionists were equally honest with Liberty party men.—"But do you not believe," said he, "that a man can be an abolitionist and belong to the Whig or Democratic party?" "No, I do not," replied he emphatically, "no man can be a sincere abolitionist and belong to either of those parties." This is the declaration of one man, and is the sentiment doubtless of hundreds—we have good reason to believe so. And this is charity in its fulness!—but when a Disunionist asserts, that notwithstanding the pro-slavery position of the Whig, Democratic and Liberty party abolitionist, yet each and all are sincere, and have the good of the slave at heart, that is uncharitableness forthright! How true it is that every charge brought against the Disunionists is true of him who brings it.

The Hutchinson's.

These sweet singers have been shamefully treated in the Quaker City of late. The Musical Fund Hall had been procured for a series of concerts, and then was virtually closed by John Swift, the Mayor, after some had been held, because, forsooth, there were certain persons in that town of "Brotherly Love" who did not like to attend concerts at which colored persons were admitted.

Special Notice.

Those persons who wish their papers discontinued, must either have their Post Masters notify us by letter, or else return us a Bugle with their names and P. O. address written in full upon it. How else can we know where individuals live!

Salem Sewing Circle.

The Anti-Slavery Sewing Circle will meet at the house of Ruth Anna Lightfoot, on Saturday evening next. It is hoped there will be a general attendance, as business of importance will claim the attention of the members.

Gerrit Smith's Letter.

Some fears have been entertained, by Liberty party hereabouts, that we should not publish the last letter of Gerrit Smith to Edmund Quincy, which will be found upon our first page this week. We intended to give the correspondence entire, but Smith's letter only came to hand a few days since, consequently it could not have been inserted earlier. It is strange that Liberty party should pride itself upon this production of Smith's. The puerility of the logic, certainly cannot be very flattering, and if satire, of itself, be a high recommendation, some of the articles of Quincy and other Disunionists ought to be highly appreciated by that party.

TRUTH'S TELEGRAPH.—The 2nd number of this paper has come to hand. Milo D. Codding of Rochester, N. Y., is its editor and proprietor. It is a monthly scientific magazine, and consists of 32 octavo pages, one half of which, during the first year, will be occupied by a treatise on "The Philosophy of the Universe." From the cursory examination we have given the work, we think it will prove an interesting publication—as for the truth of the positions taken in the leading essays, its readers must judge for themselves. Price \$1 per year.

THE NATIONAL ERA.—The 1st number of Dr. Bailey's new paper has just come to hand. It is a handsome sheet, and the fact that a Liberty party paper is published in Washington city, is an evidence of great change in the feelings of the community.

"THE CHURCH AS IT IS; OR THE FORLORN HOPE OF SLAVERY," by Parker Pillsbury. We have only time to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of this work. We know it must be good, but when we look into it ourselves, we shall be better prepared to speak of its merits.

The Senate of Mississippi has passed an act to permit a blind man to sell whiskey without license.—Ex. paper. It may be owing to blindness on our part, but we are unable to see how any man who is not blind can desire to sell whiskey. He who deals out the liquid poison to his brother, must surely be blind to the awful consequences of that act, or blind to the requirements of love and good will toward his fellow.

VIRGINIA VOLUNTEERS.—Captain Bankhead has been enlisting Virginia volunteers for the Mexican war in Philadelphia.—Strange, that the Old Dominion has to best up her volunteers in the Quaker State of Penn!

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS has our thanks for a copy of his speech on the Mexican war.—We design to publish some extracts from it in our next.

Our friend, GEORGE ORR, late of Ohio, but now residing in Philadelphia, is a good Abolitionist, and his Anti-Slavery acquaintance in the West would do well to give him a call when they go East. See his business advertisement in another column.

THE RAMSHORN.—Not a very euphonious name for a newspaper, certainly, but the publication is none the worse on that account.—It is issued weekly in New York city, by Van Rensselaer and Hodges, and devoted to the interests of the colored people. The first number—the only one we have received—presents a neat appearance. The price to mail subscribers is \$1 per year. The following article will give our readers some idea of the character of the paper.

OUR PAPER.

The design of this journal is to harmonize all classes among us for our mutual improvement. Hitherto we have had no medium of communication; hence in our judgment a necessity is created, and we feel that help is laid upon us—and we therefore send forth "THE RAM'S HORN" to the world, regardless of consequences. With regard to our learning and talents, we have but one word to say, and that is,—we have none to spare. We do not wish to give the impression that this is Van Rensselaer and Hodges' paper, but we wish every colored person in the world to feel that this is his paper—and you, reader, especially, that this is your paper; and to this end, we invite colored men, who are in the habit of writing, to send us short articles for insertion in our columns, that will contribute to the interest of the paper. We intend, as far as possible, to be impartial: the only consideration with us shall be merit: the only aristocracy that we shall delight to boast of, is that class of our brethren who are cultivating their own soil. "THE RAM'S HORN" will take a decided stand against kidnapping. Our private opinion is, that it is the highest duty of the colored people to protect themselves against this practice, at all hazards.—We may as well begin as we intend to hold out. It is well known that there is no law either State or National, that can protect a man (no matter what his color) when claimed by one of these kidnappers. Under such circumstances it is easy to determine what is duty. We live in a country of law—and yet our persons are without protection. What must we do in such cases? Nature answers,

"Self-defense is my first law." We think, if a firm and decided stand is taken by the colored people, that kidnapping will be "among the things that were."

Conquering Peace.

From the following extract from a speech made by Baker of Ill., before the House of Representatives, it would appear that this country has as yet hardly begun to "conquer a peace;" this too is the testimony of one of the officers of the army, for the speaker is a Colonel, fresh from the seat of war, and his evidence is therefore more valuable on that account.

"He pointed out the vast extent of territory which must be covered by an army not exceeding in all 11,500 men. Did any one suppose that this army was sufficient to prosecute this war? So far from our having hitherto weakened Mexico, they have become more nationalized—more determined to resist. Nothing we have yet done is sufficient to convince the Mexicans that we are able to conquer them. They feel that what we have done does not yet touch their national strength. We have done comparatively nothing yet to conquer a Peace. The President has called out nine or ten new regiments. The regiments from Louisiana, North Carolina, Virginia, Massachusetts, &c., are not filled up.—If full now when would they get to the scene of action. The Church, the people, the landed proprietors, and above all, the women of Mexico are glowing with ardor to repel the northern invaders from their soil.

Whatever is to be done must be done this Winter. How many of the thousands who rushed to the aid of their country, now sleep the sleep of death on the Rio Grande! About two thousand of American hearts are now lying in their graves on the Rio Grande. Of his regiment, over one hundred young men are dead, and two or three hundred have returned from the banks of that doleful river, skeletons, to be removed by the kindness of friends. He was requested by his brave fellow soldiers to state their case here, but as a representative of the People here, he would say that it would be cold blooded cruelty to ask these men to stand a summer campaign beneath the Mexican sun. He asked not by whom the war was commenced—he would say that more supplies and more men are wanted. If this is not done, he would say, if he dared to make a prophecy, that this war will be the ruin of this country! Mexico has eight millions of people; a country more easily defended than any other country. The climate fights for them; their men live and are healthy on food on which ours die; their horses live on what kills ours.—And their brave General has been permitted to take their head."

THE BLACK LAWS.—On the 5th of January, there was some discussion on these laws in the lower House, but nothing of any moment. When the sages at Columbus show they are in earnest, and really intend to repeal these disgraceful statutes, we shall think that politics are not quite so corrupt as they might be. The most important item we have seen in reference to the action of the House is as follows, from the Cincinnati Herald:

On motion of Mr. Blake, House bill No. 21, "to repeal certain acts therein named," (the Black Laws,) was taken up; and the question being on ordering the bill to be engrossed,

Mr. Blake addressed the House at length; contending that this was a question far above party—it was a question of right and justice, to our fellow men. The circumstances under which both parties are placed in the legislative department of this government, called on both to settle this question now. He took up several provisions of the "Black Laws," and showed their inconsistency with the Constitution of this State, the United States, and the Ordinance of 1787; and referred to the message of the Governor of Virginia, in which is recommended the passage of a law to drive every free negro from that State. Mr. B. contended that such a law would be unconstitutional and void; and that that part of the message was not intended for Virginia, but for Ohio, to influence the Legislature on this very question, &c.

Mr. Bennett moved to amend the bill by striking out all after the enacting clause, and inserting as follows: "that so much of the act to amend the act entitled an act to regulate black and mulatto persons, passed January 5th, 1807, as prohibits black and mulatto persons from testifying in cases in which white persons are parties, be and the same is hereby repealed."

What was finally done with the bill, we have not learned.

From the Seat of War.

By the arrival of the steamship Massachusetts, at New-Orleans, advice has been received from Tampico to the 15th of December.

Considerable excitement has been produced at Tampico, in consequence of a report that a large body of Mexican cavalry were in that neighborhood. It was positively asserted, and the report generally believed in the American camp, that Santa Anna had a force of 28,000 men at San Luis Potosi. It was also reported that he was taking the most stringent measures to thoroughly purge his army of all officers on whom there rested the remotest taint of suspicion for cowardice, it being his determination to retain only those in whom he could place the most implicit confidence for bravery and skill.

It was said that Gen. Ampudia, Col. Canaceo, and a number of other Mexican officers, charged with cowardice, had been imprisoned by order of Santa Anna.

Santa Anna had likewise issued a decree, dooming to death any officer who should disgrace himself by cowardly or unsoldier-like conduct in future.

Six thousand cavalry were reported to be at Victoria, under the command of Gen. Urrea. The Mexicans, to all outward appearance, were in very good spirits, and expressed the desire of being led against the invaders.

Gen. Pillow started from Matamoros on the 14th, with the intention of going about 25 miles distant, where he would await the arrival of Gen. Patterson, and the remainder of his division and train.

Gen. Wool still remained at Pinar, and Gen. Worth at Saltillo.

The various regiments destined for Tampico were breaking up their encampments, and commencing their long and wearisome march.

Three regiments had left Matamoros for Tampico—their combined strength being not more than eighteen hundred men, having been thus reduced, by sickness and death to scarcely one-third their original strength.—Tribune.

The Trinitarian Alliance Crumbling.—Dr. Samuel Davidson, of Lancashire Independent College, has withdrawn from the Alliance.—From the first that we saw of the management of that Alliance, we have viewed it as a death-struggle of Christianized Paganism, which will expel its egress from the Christian Church.

Subscriptions to the Western Agency Fund of the Am. A. S. Society.

Amount previously acknowledged, 776.58
A Friend, 4.00
Andrew Sewing Circle, pd. 7.21
Salem, " " 10.00
James Deard, Berlin, pd. 1.00
John Brown, " " 1.00
Lidia Irish, New Lisbon, pd. 1.00
Mary E. Carter, Richfield, " 25
Sarah Oviatt, " 25
Fanny Oviatt, " 25
Hellen M. Oviatt, " 1.00
Orlander Carter, " 1.00
L. J. Parker, Hinkley, 50
J. Edison, Royalton, 50
Henry Bangs, " 5.00
Morgan Andrews, Bennett's Corners, pd 25
David Carpenter, " 1.00
L. M. Brown, " " pd 25
G. C. Brown, " " 25
Orrela Brown, " " 25
I. Brown, " " 25
C. A. Bulwer, " " 25
Ira Hurd, " " 25
S. Southam, " " 25
S. Sherman, Brunswick, 25
L. Carter, Richfield, pd 25
\$832.04

Receipts for Bugle will be published next week.

REMOVAL.

GEORGE ORR has removed from the house of Ely Kent & Brock, to the large and extensive Dry Goods house of
LUDWIG, KNEEDLER & CO.
No. 110, North 3d st., where he would be glad to have his Anti-Slavery friends call before making their Spring purchases elsewhere.
Philadelphia, Jan. 7th, 1847.—76.

PRISONER'S FRIEND.—NEW BOOK STORE.

THE PRISONER'S FRIEND, a weekly periodical, devoted to the abolition of Capital Punishment and the Reformation of the Criminal, is published at No. 40 Cornhill, Boston, Mass., by Charles and John M. Spar.—Terms one dollar in advance.

PHILANTHROPIC BOOK STORE.—A good assortment of books, relating to the great moral enterprises of the day, are for sale at the office of the Prisoner's Friend. Many of these books we can send by mail.

WANTED,

1000 bushel dried Apples.
100,000 lbs. Pork.
50,000 lbs. Lard.
10 or 12 good Horses.
HEATON & IRISH.
Dec. 28th, 1846.

ATTENTION

TO BUSINESS WILL SAVE COST.
The undersigned, having disposed of their stock of Goods, wish to have their stock closed as soon as possible. We shall continue to take produce at cash prices on all debts due us, until the 30th day of February next. All accounts not closed either by cash, produce or note, prior to that date, will positively be left with the Justice of the Peace for collection, without reserve. One of us will be found at all times at the old stand now occupied by Pettit and Greiner.

Pressing demands force us to this extremity.

LEE & BULL.
East end Main street,
Salem, Jan. 1, 1847.

Regular Tri-Weekly Packet between PITTSBURGH AND WELLSVILLE.

STEAM-BOAT
ARENA,
R. C. FLEESON, Master.
Will run as a Regular Packet, Tri-Weekly, between Pittsburgh and Wellsville, leaving Pittsburgh every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 11 o'clock, A. M., and Wellsville every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock, A. M.
December, 1846.—74.

MEDICAL.

DRS. COPE & HOLE
Have associated for the practice of medicine. Having practised the WATER-CURE, until they are satisfied of its unequalled value, in the treatment not only of chronic but acute diseases, they are prepared to offer their professional services on the following conditions. In all acute diseases, when called early, and when proper attention is given by the nurses, if they fail to effect cure, they will ask no fees. Residence east end of Salem.
January 1, 1847.

JUST RECEIVED

Directly from Philadelphia, a fresh supply of beautiful plaid Linseys, black and brown Alpaca and Paramatta Cloths, cheap Castles and Cloths, black and white Wadding, Plaid French Cloaking, and fashionable plaid silk bonnet linings by
HEATON & IRISH.
Dec. 28th, 1846.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Sole Leather, Upper Leather, Cal-Shoes, Boots, Sugar, Molasses, Tea, Coffee, Spice, Fishy, Cinnamon, Candies, Tur by the kit and barrel, Turpentine, Spum Oil, Flaxseed Oil, Paints, &c., &c., by
HEATON & IRISH.
Dec. 28th, 1846.

POETRY.

The Days that are Gone.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"For at least a thousand years, the whole country seemed in a long and sunny dream. Every man had his little plot, or could enclose it for a small annual acknowledgment, and the rural race lived on with little exertion and no care."—*Wm. Howitt in Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine.*

Who is it that mourns for the days that are gone,
When a noble could do as he liked with his own?
When his serfs, with their burdens well filled,
Never dared to complain of the weight of a tax?
When his word was a statute, his nod was a law,
And for aught but his 'order' he cared not a straw?
When each had his dungeon and racks for the poor,
And a gibbet to hang a refractory boor?

They were days when a man with a thought
In his pate,
Was a man that was born for the popular hate;
And if 'twere a thought that was good for his kind,
The man was too vile to be left unconfined:
The days when obedience in right or in wrong,
Was always the sermon and always the song;
When the people, like cattle, were pounded or driven,
And to scourge them was thought a King's license from Heaven.

They were days when the sword settled questions of right,
And falsehood was first to monopolize might;
When the lighter of battles was always adored,
And the greater the tyrant, the dearer the lord;
When the King, who by myriads, could number his slain,
Was considered by far the most worthy to reign;
When the fate of the multitude hung on his breath—
A god in his life and a saint in his death.

They were days when the headman was always prepared—
The block ever ready—the axe ever bared;
When a corpse on the gibbet eye swung to and fro,
And the fire at the stake never smouldered too low,
When famine and age made a woman a witch,
To be roasted alive, or be drowned in a ditch;
When difference of creed was the vilest of crime,
And martyrs were burned half a score at a time.

They were days when the gallows stood black in the way,
The larger the town the more plentiful they;
When Law never dreamed it was good to relent,
Or thought it less wisdom to kill than prevent;
When Justice herself, taking law for her guide,
Was never appeased till a victim had died;
And the stealer of sheep, and the slayer of men,
Were strung up together again and again.

They were days when the Crowd had no freedom of speech,
And reading and writing were out of its reach;
When Ignorance, stolid and dense, was its doom,
And Bigotry swathed it from cradle to tomb,
When the Few thought the Many were workers for them,
To use them, and when they had used, to condemn;
And the Many, poor fools, thought the treatment their due,
And crawled in the dust at the feet of the Few.

No—the Present, though clouds o'er her countenance roll,
Has a light in her eyes, and a hope in her soul,
And we are too wise, like the Bigots to mourn,
For the darkness of days that shall never return.
Worn out and extinct, may their history serve
As a beacon to warn us where'er we would swerve;
To shun the Oppression, the Folly and Crime
That blacken the page of the Record of Time.

Their Chivalry lightened the gloom it is true,
And Honor and Loyalty dwelt with the Few;
But small was the light, and of little avail,
Compared with the blaze of our Press and our Rail.
Success to that blaze! May it shine over all,
Till Ignorance learn with what grace she may fall,
And fly from the world with the sorrow she wrought,
And leave it to Virtue and Freedom of Thought.

A Picture.

A Boston correspondent of the Pa. Freeman has been giving a poetical description of the Anti-Slavery Bazaar, or rather of some of the persons in attendance. It is too long to copy entire, but the following extract will be acceptable to most of our readers, who are acquainted with those described.

Beyond, a crater in each eye,
Sways brown, braided shoulders Pillsbury
Who leapt up words like tines by the roots,
A Theodos in stout cowhide boots;
The wager of eternal war
Against that loathsome Minotaur
To whom we sacrifice each year
The best blood of our Athens here,
A terrible denouncer he,
Old Sinai burns unquenchably
Upon his lips; he will melt like a
Moth-eaten soul from fierce Jades,
Habakkuk, Ezra, or Hosea.
His words burn as with iron spurs,
And nightmare like he mounts his hearers.

Spurring them like avenging fate, or
As Waterton his alligator.

Hard by, as calm as summer even,
Smiles the reviled and pelted Stephen,
The unapproachable Boanerges
To all the churches and the clergies,
The grim saint who, to complete
His own peculiar cabinet
Contrived to label with his hicks
One from the followers of Hicks;
Who studied mineralogy,
Not with soft book upon the knee,
But leant the properties of stones
By contact with flesh and bones,
And made the *experimentum crucis*
With his own body's vital juices.
A man with candlestick endurance,
A perfect gem for life insurance,
A kind of maddened John the Baptist,
To whom the barsteepest words come aptest;
Who, struck by stone or brick ill-starred,
Hurls back an epithet as hard,
Which, deadlier than stone or brick,
Has a propensity to stick.
His oratory is like the scream
Of the iron horse's phrenzied steam
Which warns the world to leave wide space
For the black engine's swerveless race.
Ye men with neckcloths white I warn you,
Habit a whole haymow in corn.

A Judith, there, turned Quakeress,
Sits Abby in her modest dress,
Serving a table quietly,
As if that mild and downy east eye
Flashed never with its scorn intense
More than Medea's eloquence.
So the same force which shakes its dread
Far-blazing locks o'er Anna's head,
Along the wires in silence fares
And messages of commerce bears.
No nobler gift of heart and brain,
No life more white from spot or stain,
Was e'er on Freedom's altar laid
Than her's—the Simple Quaker maid.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Walks in Childhood.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The years of my childhood passed away in humble and grateful simplicity. I loved the shadow of high rocks, and the free music of the brooks in summer. My heart was full of gladness, though it scarcely knew why. I then found companionship among the beautiful and useful things of nature, and was happy all the day. But when even darkened the landscape, I sat down mournfully. There was no brother into whose hands I might put my own, and say, "Lead me forth to look at the solemn stars, and tell me of their names." Sometimes I wept in my bed, because there never must be a sister to lay her gentle head upon the same pillow.

Often at twilight, before the lamp was lighted, there came up out of my brotherhood and sisterhood what seemed to be a companion. I talked with it, and it comforted me. I did not know that its name was *Thought*. But I waited for it, and whatsoever it asked of me, I answered. It questioned me of my knowledge. And I said, I knew where the first fresh violets of Spring grew, and when the sweet lily of the vale comes forth from its broad, green sheath, and where the vine climbs to hide its purple grapes, and how the nut ripens in the forest, after the Autumn comes with its sparkling frost. I knew how the bee is nourished in winter, by that essence of flowers which her industry embalms; and I have learned to draw forth the kindness of the domestic animals, and to know the names of the birds that build their nests in my father's trees.

But Thought inquired of me, "What knowledge hast thou of those who reason, and hath dominion over the things that God hath created?" Then I confessed, "Of my own race, save of those who nurture me, do I know nothing."

I was troubled at my ignorance. So I went forth more widely, and earnestly regarded what was passing around me. Once I walked abroad, when the dews of the morning still lingered upon the grass, and the white lilies dropped their beautiful bells, as if shedding tears of joy. Nature breathed a perpetual song into the hearts of even her silent children. But I looked only on those whose souls have been the gift of reason, and who are not born to die. I said, if the spirit of joy is in the frail flower that flourishes but for a day, and in the bird that bears to its nest but a single crumb of bread, and in the lamb that knows no friend but its mother, what must it be in those who are surrounded with good things as with a flowing river, and whose knowledge need have no limit but life, and who know, that though they seem to die, it is to live forever.

Then I looked upon a group of children. Their garb was neglected, and their looks uncombed. They were unfed and untalented, and clamored loudly, with wayward tongues. I asked them why they went not to school with their companions, and they mocked at me.

I heard two friends speak harsh and violent words to each other, and turned away affrighted at the blows they dealt.

I saw a man with a bloated and fiery countenance. He seemed strong as the oak among the trees, yet were his steps more unsteady than the tottering babe. He fell heavily, and I wondered no hand was stretched out to raise him up.

I saw an open grave. A poor widow stood near it with her little ones. Yet, methought their own sufferings had set a deeper seal upon them, than sorrow for the dead.

Then I marvelled what it could be, that made the father and the mother not pity their children when they were hungry, nor call them home when they were in wickedness, and the friends forget their early love; and the strong man fall down senseless; and the young die before his time. And a voice answered, "It is *intemperance*." Yes, it hath wrought many other evils, and there is mourning throughout the land because of this.

So I returned, sorrowing. Had God given me a brother or a sister, I would have thrown my arms around their neck, and said, "Touch not your lips, I pray you, to the poison cup, but let us drink the pure water which God hath blessed, all the days of our life."

Again I went forth, and attentively looked on what passed around. I met a beautiful boy weeping. I said, "Why dost thou mourn?" And he replied, "My father went to the wars, and is dead. He will come back to me no more."

I saw a hoary man. He sat by the way side. His head rested on his bosom. His garments were old, and his flesh wasted away. Yet he asked not for charity. I said, "Why is thy heart sad?" He answered, "I

had a son, an only one. I toiled from his cradle, that he might be fed and clothed, and taught wisdom. He grew up to bless me. All my labor and weariness were forgotten. I knew no want, for he cherished me. But he left me to be a soldier. On the field of battle he fell. Therefore, mine eye runneth down with water, because the comforter that should relieve my soul shall return no more."

I said, "Show me a field of battle, that I may know what war means!" But he said, "Thou art not able to bear the sight. I will tell thee what I have seen when the battle was done. A broad plain, covered with the dead, and those who struggled in the pains of death. The earth trampled, and stained with blood. Wounded horses rolling upon their riders, and tearing with their hoofs the mangled forms that lay near them. And for every man that was there in his blood and agony, how bitter must be the mourning of the parents who reared him, or of the wife whom he protected, or of the young children who sat upon his knee. Yet this is but a little part of the misery that war creteth."

Then I said, "Tell me no more, I beseech thee, of battle or of war, for my heart is sick." When I saw the silver haired man raise his eyes upwards, I knelt down by his side. And he prayed, "Lord, keep this child from anger and hatred and ambition, which are the seeds of war. And grant to all, who take the name of Jesus Christ, peaceable and meek hearts, that, shunning the deeds of strife, they may dwell at last in the country of peace, even in heaven."

The Fatal Gift.

[REMINISCENCES OF AN EX-AGENT.]

During one portion of my career as an agent of the Total Abstinence Society, I was engaged for some months in striving to convert the good folks of Chancel Islands, to a right apprehension and a practical adoption of the abstemious system. It was my custom at that time, to hold forth five evenings in the week, to the inhabitants of St. Peter's Port. As the town was not so large as many of our English towns, I had of course to burnish up my wits somewhat industriously, in order to find new matter for the edification of my auditors. In kind consideration of the arduous character of my task, a few members of the Temperance Society were in the habit of giving short addresses at my meeting, and not unfrequently imparting much interest to the meetings, and much instruction to the people who composed them. Of one of these kind friends I shall ever think respectfully and gratefully. He was a member of the Society of Friends, rather advanced in years, of a most benign aspect, and a truly benevolent disposition. He possessed no property and considerable influence, and frequently devoted a portion of both to the spread of the Temperance cause. One evening he presided at one of my meetings. It was held in the Friends' meeting-house. The day toward its close had been gloomy and stormy, and as a natural result the congregation was scant. However the most crowded meetings are not always the most interesting. On rising, the chairman remarked that the place was not filled with people, but he trusted that every mind would be filled with good. For his own part he had felt his thoughts draw powerfully to the consideration of the danger of the practice of giving and offering intoxicating drinks to others. His memory, moreover, furnished him with a serious illustration of the perilous and in some cases the deadly nature of the custom to which he had adverted. He then in a style which fixed the attention of all, and drew tears from the eyes of many who were present, spoke in substance to the following effect:

"Several years ago, long before I had heard of teetotalism, I had occasion to take a voyage in a sailing vessel, from this port to the coast of France. I was accompanied by my two daughters. In the expectation that they would be troubled by sea-sickness, and in conformity with the general opinion, we had provided ourselves with a bottle of the best cognac brandy, to be used as a *quelling* medicine in the event of illness. Of course, I see the absurdity of believing that a strong stimulant like ardent spirits is fit to be used when sickness has already over-extended the stomach. But to proceed: our voyage was delayed, on account of the wind, or other circumstances, so much that night came on soon after we sailed; and we made preparations for retiring to our berths, with a view of passing, if possible, several hours of repose. Prior to retiring for the night, we each took a small glass-ful of brandy; and as the captain of the vessel, a Frenchman, happened to be below just then, he was asked to have a little of our brandy. He tossed off a draught of liquor with evident relish, snatched his lips after drinking, and bidding us adieu for the night, went on deck. We had not rested more than a few hours, ere we were awakened by the tramping of feet, and a confused noise of voices. I hastened on deck. The night was cloudy; the sea was shouting, and ardent spirits is fit to be used when sickness has already over-extended the stomach. But to proceed: our voyage was delayed, on account of the wind, or other circumstances, so much that night came on soon after we sailed; and we made preparations for retiring to our berths, with a view of passing, if possible, several hours of repose. 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